

# Good Morning 82

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

## Home Town News

### Hatter's History

There is a hat in Northampton that can tell a thrilling yarn of the sea—it belongs to Mr. James Gunn, Park Ave. North, Northampton.

Mr. Gunn's only son, Ian Cecil Eugene Gunn, was a member of the R.N.V.R., and he was called up at the outbreak of war. One of his first nautical assignments was to a Mediterranean minesweeper, but he found that life was rather dull. So he volunteered for work in submarines.

Ian was commissioned to "Sturgeon" as a wireless operator—but what about that hat? Mr. Gunn senior is a tailor, and his workroom contains a sailor's hat. Now, every time that Ian writes home telling of the submarine's adventure, Mr. Gunn makes a trip to the workroom and adds another place name to that headpiece. History has already been written on this hat—Tobruk, Athens, Bardia, Malta—these are but a few of the places where "Sturgeon" has tasted action, excitement and narrow squeaks.

### George's Jerseys

WHEN George Camsell, the Middlesbrough international footballer, led a team on to the field at Acklam recently, seven of his side were wearing international jerseys.

They were not all international players, however, for George was the only man who had actually qualified for the great honour. The other seven men were wearing jerseys belonging to George, because they are very scarce these days.

### Good Hunting

THE Tynedale Hunt learned that a destroyer of the Hunt class was to be named after them, and they immediately arranged to have some link with the ship.

A special hunt was held and a fine fox killed. Now the brush and mask have been mounted, presented to H.M.S. Tynedale, where they now occupy a place in the wardroom. The ship has been adopted by Hexham, Northumberland.

They are both very good at hunting.

### Meals from Prison

ON the average, 400 people per day stand in a queue for mock turtle soup (2d.), cold beef and salad, with baked potatoes and cabbage (7d.), Margaret pudding and custard or rice pudding (2d.), and a slice of England's most glorious history (gratis). You might well ask where such value for money can be obtained—the answer is Yorkshire's age-old town of Pontefract. Pontefract's British Restaurant is unique. The meals are cooked in the old prison, and they are served in the high, long courtroom. The magisterial bench is still there, exactly as it was when the last Quarter Sessions were held nearly fifty years ago.

Highlight of the restaurant to which historians and visitors make a pilgrimage from all parts of the country, is the original mould of the base of Nelson's column in Trafalgar Square. The mould is life-size, and depicts the scene aboard the flagship "Victory" just after Lord Nelson had been struck by a ball from the mizzen-top of the "Redoubtable."

How the mould got to Pontefract is somewhat of a mystery, but Pontefractians are very proud of their treasure. Coun. T. P. Brindley, a member of the Town Council and an old Pontefractian, told "Good Morning" that there is no doubt that the mould is the original plaster cast of the plate at the bottom of Nelson's Column, but there is no authentic record of how the mould came to the town. However, it is more or less an accepted fact that the sculptor Carew was very friendly with the then Member of Parliament for Pontefract, and it is thought that he gave him it as a gift. The mould has been in the old Town Hall (as the present British Restaurant is known) as long as I can remember. Pontefract is proud of it, and the Town Council have it insured.

Calling A. B. Stoker  
John Pattison

# "THE PEAS ARE DOING FINE PAT!"



HERE'S a message for A.B. Stoker John Pattison, of Devonport, from his wife, Allison: "Good luck, Pat! Everything is fine here, and we are longing for the day when you come back again. Hope you get plenty of swimming."

"He's terribly keen on swimming," said Mrs. Allison Pattison, pretty, petite wife of six months' standing, to a "Good Morning" representative who called to see her the other day.

She is living with Submariner John's ten-year-old step-daughter, Margaret, at her mother's home at Hood Place, Devonport, and was just home from her job of welding at the Dockyard.

John hasn't seen the new home—they all moved there a few weeks ago, but he'll be glad to know that it is a comfortable little place near a big Park, where Margaret can go and play when she is not at school.

In the garden, tended by John's brother-in-law, "The Ser-

geant," the peas and beans are coming along fine, and there's going to be a good picking of blackberries from the bushes on the garden wall.

"I've just had a letter saying that Pat (Allison's pet name for John) is getting some swimming and sun-bathing," said this submariner's wife. "So he should be happy. He's a good boxer, too, and has won sets of silver spoons. That's why he doesn't smoke. But he likes a pint or two."

This submariner joined the Navy when he was fifteen—he's now 24—and has seen service in destroyers as well as submarines. Last February he came home after about two years' service abroad, and left again in March.

It may be some time before he docks again. But however distant it is, it is the day his young wife and Margaret are always thinking about.

And it is a day they'll all celebrate at Hood Place, Devonport.

# WHEN MARIE LLOYD WAS QUEEN O' THE LOCKERS

★ Have a look at the photos of pretty girls and film stars pinned, like as not, over your lockers. Who are they?

By WEBSTER FAWCETT

IN the last war, pride of place went to Marie Lloyd—Marie, the Queen of Comedy; Marie of the heart of gold...

Every sailor knew and liked her. Her songs—though she never made a film, and recorded but three gramophone discs in her life—rolled their way around the world. "A little of what you fancy does you good," "One of the ruins," and "I can't find my way home"—they are still sung and whistled.

Yet Marie Lloyd's only stage training was the music of a barrel-organ in the gutter. She had no influence at the start, no helpful theatrical relatives. Her mother and father earned a scant living making artificial flowers for a local wholesaler, and Marie's first job was in a boot factory.

She kept it for exactly a week. Her second job, in the feather curling trade, lasted just as long again.

Her third was to learn bead-trimming. One morning the forewoman was called away for a few minutes.

"Dare you to dance on the table!" cried the other work-girls. Marie accepted their "dare." Her toes were twinkling on the tabletop when the forewoman returned.

"Is this what happens when you're left alone for a moment?" snapped the forewoman.

"I couldn't very well do it while you were in the room, could I?" cried Marie.

### Ho! for the stage

Then and there she was given the sack. Then and there she vowed to go on the stage. In those days many music-halls were still taverns, where the audience enjoyed the beer far more than the music.

At one of these pot-houses in the East End, for a salary of 15s. a week, fifteen-year-old Marie made her first appearance.

The audience sat up and took notice as soon as she came on the stage. She sang, "The boy I love sits up in the gallery," and every galleryite in London wanted to see her. Swiftly her

"Marie Lloyd," she cried. "That's me, from now on!"

A year later she could get £100 a week. Married at seventeen, she was only eighteen when a benefit was given in her honour in the West End. As soon as the profits reached her she spent them on eighty pairs of boots for the children of her old school.

### The bag of gold

All her life she gave her wonderful earnings away. Wherever she went she carried a bag of gold coins and a bag of silver coins. At every stage-door clustered people with pitiful tales.

"Don't tell me. I don't want to hear," she would soon cry.

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### And Royalty, too

Marie was making money.

Royalty watched her on the racecourse because she was the best-dressed woman in sight.

She kept on giving money



MARIE LLOYD

away. Towards the end, as income tax figures prove, she was making more than £10,000 a year from stage appearances alone. In her lifetime, so many experts reckon, she must have "cleaned up" £250,000. Yet it all went.

Her first husband had been a racecourse punter. Her second a Cockney comedian. When she married for the third time, people began to whisper about her reputation. All the gossip meant nothing much to the world. It was idle scandal. But it meant everything to Marie.

She made the world happy with her kindness and her songs. The world made her miserable.

When she died, worked out at fifty-one, the physicians themselves said she had died of a broken heart.

This is how it came about:

Channel Islanders in German camps may write to their relatives—in pencil only. Some weeks ago a letter, faint but legible, came to the A.T.S. girl from her father in a German prison camp.

The letter told how the mother had been ill in hospital suffering from "nerves."

### SPECIAL REQUEST.

She had to have all her teeth out, the letter went on. Would it be possible to buy materials for a false set in England? Nothing could be done about it in Germany.

So the A.T.S. girl went to a London dental hospital. None of the officials she saw had ever been faced with such a request before, but eventually they decided it was "In order."

The girl chose 28 teeth as nearly like her mother's as she could, took the sheet of rubber, paid thirteen shillings, and put the parcel in the hands of the Red Cross.

## HEARD IT?

Finishing a letter of great length, the tailor wrote to his customer: "My secretary, being a lady, cannot take down what I think of you. I, being a gentleman, cannot say it. You, being what you are, will understand what I should like to say. Candidly yours, B. Strate."

**Periscope Page**

**WANGLING WORDS** 44

1.—Put the same two letters, in the same order, both before and behind the letters SUL, and make a word.

2.—Rearrange the following sets of letters to make four well-known games: RALIBSILD, AABELLS, RICE B BAG, AABCGKMMNO.

3.—Can you change BIRD into NEST, altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration? Change in the same way: TWIG into LEAF, MEAD into DALE, COLD into HEAT.

4.—How many four-letter words can you make from the word MASTICATE?

**Answer to Wangling**

**Words—No. 43**

1.—Tartar, Tse-tse, Bon-bon, Tom-tom, Dodo, Murmur, etc.

2.—SOUTHEND, HASTINGS, BRIGHTON, EASTBOURNE, SOUTHSEA.

3.—BAND, BEND, BENT, BEAT, FEAT, FLAT, FLAY, PLAY.

PONY, PUNY, PUNT, PANT, PANE, PALE, MALE, MULE, LOCK, LACK, LACE, RACE, RATE, ROTE, ROLE, DOLE, DOLT, BOLT.

NOTE, NODE, RODE, ROLE, BOLE, BOLT, BOOT, BOOK.

4.—Fact, Tact, Fist, Fast, Tons, Tins, Fits, Sift, Fats, Cast, Cost, etc.



AT last, in the exigency to which

least desire to withdraw, even for a time, from their agreeable society.

However, I overbore his objections by appealing to my lameness; from which I assured the natives I should speedily recover, if Toby were permitted to obtain the supplies I needed.

bade my companion adieu. He promised to return in three days at farthest; and, bidding me keep up my spirits in the interval, turned round the corner of the pi-pi, and, under the guidance of the venerable Marhey, was soon out of sight. His departure oppressed me with melancholy, and, re-entering the dwelling, I threw myself almost in despair upon the matting of the floor.

In two hours' time the old warrior returned, and gave me to understand, that after accompanying my companion a little distance, and showing him the route, he had left him journeying on his way.

It was about noon of this same day, a season which these people are wont to pass in sleep, that I lay in the house, surrounded by its slumbering inmates, and painfully affected by the strange silence which prevailed. All at once I thought I heard a faint shout. Apprehensive of some dreadful calamity, I rushed out of the house, and caught sight of a tumultuous crowd, who, with shrieks and lamentations, were just emerging from the grove, bearing in their arms some object, the sight of which produced all this transport of sorrow. As they drew near, the men redoubled their cries, while the girls, tossing

Continued on Page 3.

By HERMAN  
MELVILLE

At early dawn of the next day, our habitation was astir. One of the young men mounted into an adjoining cocoa-nut tree, and threw down a number of the young fruit, which old Marhey quickly stripped of the green husks, and strung together upon a short pole. These were intended to refresh Toby on his route.

The preparations being completed, with no little emotion I

**ROUND THE WORLD**  
with our  
**Roving Cameraman**



A PERSIAN NUT SELLER.

The picture comes direct from Teheran, where nut selling—and buying—is on the up-grade. Like all Near East and East people, the Persians believe in having donkeys to do the work. After all, a barrow must be pushed, but a donkey can just be slapped. All the ribbons and tassels are intended to keep the flies away—and there are flies in millions in the land of Omar Khayyam. The lamp atop of the heap of nuts is intended for night trade, so that the merchant can see he gets the proper money.

# To-day's Brains Trust

THE Brains Trust to-day consists of a world-famous Naturalist, a Philosopher, a Bee-keeper, and Mr. Everyman, and the question they are to discuss is:—

Do animals see colours in the same way as we do, or are they colour-blind? How is it possible to find out, see-

ing that they cannot tell us? Naturalist: "I suppose it is up to me to start the ball rolling. There is, as a matter of fact, no doubt at all that many animals are colour-blind, and it is equally certain that some animals can see colours which are invisible to human eyes. I take it that 'animals' means all types of creature, and not only the mammals."

Bee-keeper: "If you include insects, I think it quite safe to say that bees, at any rate, are unable to see any difference between red and black. On the other hand, they distinguish readily between blue and yellow, and are able to see the ultra-violet rays which are invisible to us."

Naturalist: "Ants, also, are able to see ultra-violet, and I think it possible that some moths can see the infra-red. It has been proved that crabs, prawns and cuttlefish can all distinguish some colours, whereas some of the higher animals, such as cats, are completely colour-blind."

For cats, the world consists entirely of black, white and grey objects."

Philosopher: "How do you know? The question asked is whether animals see colours in the same way as we do, and it is quite impossible for us to tell that. We cannot even tell if we see colours in the same way as each other."

"A cat may be quite unable to distinguish between different colours, but though we may be justified in calling him 'colour-blind,' we are not justified in referring to his world as 'black, white and grey.' He may equally well see everything by some entirely new sensation, or by the sensation we associate with yellow or blue."

Naturalist: "That, of course, is true, and it is, perhaps, wise not to assume that light gives a sensation identical with our sensation of white to other creatures. But all animals which see are certainly able to distinguish between different intensities of light, and some between different wavelengths or colours."

Mr. Everyman: "But how

can we possibly tell whether bees, for instance, can distinguish between different colours? If they seem to be blind to some colours and not to others, it may only mean that they have a preference for some colours."

Bee-keeper: "Well, the pioneer work on bees was done by Sir John Lubbock, who placed little dabs of honey on slips of glass resting on pieces of paper of different colours. Most of the bees went to the blue paper, and by their general behaviour it was proved beyond doubt that they did distinguish between colours."

Frisch followed up these experiments by training his bees to feed out of watch-glasses of a particular colour only—say, blue. He then prepared a sort of draught-board with squares of all possible shades of grey and one of blue. He put honey on all the squares except the blue one, but though many of the grey squares were of the same intensity as the blue one, all his bees went to the blue square to feed, although it did not contain honey."

Naturalist: "It is by similar experiments that cats have been

proved completely colour-blind, and dogs to be either completely or nearly so. But another method has also been tried, particularly with butterflies and moths, and that is to fit the creatures with coloured spec-

## Who is it?

He gave a tea-party under a tree, the guests being two animals and a little girl. He had a watch which told him what day it was, and he oiled it with butter. When one of his guests fell asleep he poured hot tea on its nose. He asked riddles to which he did not know the answers. Later he was a witness in a court case, and appeared before the judge with a cup of tea and a slice of bread and butter. Who was he?

(Answer on Page 3)

tacles. A man who is red-blind cannot see red objects. If he wears red glasses he cannot see anything at all and behaves as if he were blind.

"It is the same with animals. By trying different coloured spectacles on them, and

watching their behaviour, it is not difficult to tell whether or not they can see a particular colour. It does not, however, enable us to say whether or not they are able to distinguish between colours. They may see both red and green in the same way, but we could not find that out by fitting them with red and green glasses."

Mr. Everyman: "What about fishes, birds and reptiles? Have they all been tested in the same way?"

Naturalist: "I suppose most of the better-known creatures have been tested for colour-blindness. The minnow distinguishes red, yellow, green, blue, violet and ultra-violet, and there is evidence of some colour-sense in many flat-fishes, tench, dog-fishes and sticklebacks."

"The common frog is so sensitive to colour that he actually

Continued on Page 3.

# This England and these English

## NOBLE STUFF.

THESE English are the most interesting study in the world. Just when you'd like to hang them for their stupidity, you become aware of such noble stuff in them that you thank God that they were your ancestors. And Europe would be a bloody slave pen to-day but for them.

—Walter Hines Page (U.S.A. Ambassador to Britain, 1916).



## Beelzebub Jones



## Belinda



## Popeye



## Ruggles



## TYPEE

Continued from Page 2.

their bare arms in the air, exclaimed plaintively, "Awah! awah! Toby muckee mœe!" — Alas! alas! Toby is killed.

In a moment the crowd opened, and disclosed the apparently lifeless body of my companion borne between two men, the head hanging heavily against the breast of the foremost. The whole face, neck, and bosom were covered with blood, which still trickled slowly from a wound behind the temple. In the midst of the greatest uproar and confusion, the body was carried into the house and laid on a mat.

Waving the natives off to give room and air, I bent eagerly over Toby, and, laying my hand upon the breast, ascertained that the heart still beat. Overjoyed at this, I seized a calabash of water, and dashed its contents upon his face, then, wiping away the blood, anxiously examined the wound. It was about three inches long, and, on removing the clotted hair from about it, showed the skull

laid completely bare. Immediately with my knife I cut away the heavy locks, and bathed the part repeatedly in water.

In a few moments Toby revived, and opening his eyes for a second, closed them again, without speaking. Kory-Kory, who had been kneeling beside me, now chafed his limbs gently with the palms of his hands, while a young girl at his head kept fanning him, and I still continued to moisten his lips and brow. Soon my poor comrade showed signs of animation, and I succeeded in making him swallow from a cocoa-nut shell a few mouthfuls of water.

In the course of two or three hours, however, he sat up, and was sufficiently recovered to tell me what had occurred.

"After leaving the house with Marheyo," said Toby, "we struck across the valley, and ascended the opposite heights. Just beyond them, my guide informed me, lay the valley of Happar, while along their summits, and skirting the

head of the vale, was my route to Nukuheva. After mounting a little way up the elevation my guide paused, and gave me to understand that he could not accompany me any farther, and by various signs intimated that he was afraid to approach any nearer the territories of the enemies of his tribe. He, however, pointed out my path, which now lay clearly before me, and, bidding me farewell, hastily descended the mountain.

"Quite elated at being so near the Happars, I pushed up the acclivity, and soon gained its summit. It tapered up to a sharp ridge, from whence I beheld both the hostile valleys. Here I sat down and rested for a moment, refreshing myself with my cocoanuts. I was soon again pursuing my way along the height, when suddenly I saw three of the islanders, who must have just come out of Happar valley, standing in the path ahead of me. They were each armed with a heavy spear, and one, from his appearance, I took to be a chief.

Answer to Who Is It?  
THE MAD HATTER in "Alice in Wonderland"

They sung out something, I could not understand what, and beckoned me to come on.

"Without the least hesitation I advanced towards them, and had approached within about a yard of the foremost, when, pointing angrily into the Typee valley, and uttering some savage exclamation, he wheeled round his weapon like lightning, and struck me in a moment to the ground. The blow inflicted this wound, and took away my senses. As soon as I came to myself, I perceived the three islanders standing a little distance off, and apparently engaged in some violent altercation respecting me.

(Continued to-morrow)

## BRAINS TRUST

Continued from Page 2.

alters his breathing according to the colour he is looking at. Many birds are blind to blue, but others are exceptionally sensitive to blue. Nocturnal birds and animals, such as owls and bats, are generally colour-blind."

The question for the next session of the Brains Trust is: "What is the invention which has brought the greatest benefit to mankind?"

## CROSSWORD CORNER

## CLUES ACROSS.

1	2	3	4		5	6	7	8	9
10					11	12			
13							15		
16						18	19		
20						21	22		
23						24	25		
					26	27	28		
29	30				31	32			33
34		35			36			37	
38		39					40		
41					42				

## CLUES DOWN.

1 Common reptile. 2 Arbitrator. 3 Baltic language. 4 Batting. 5 Box. 6 Accomplish. 7 Limb. 8 Sit awkwardly. 9 Represent by symbol. 10 Portent. 11 Out of sorts. 12 Farm animals. 13 Apposite. 14 Negligent. 15 Swab. 16 Quivered. 17 Inn. 18 Ventures. 22 Eastern language. 23 Dab of colour. 25 Amphibious rodent. 27 Sort of fur. 28 Gossamer. 30 Girl's name. 32 Facial member. 33 Insect's abode. 35 That. 39 in order. 40 Out of bed.

SLEPT FEW  
TAXI MENAGE  
AKIN AZALEA  
PELTED CLEF  
LE WENT'S  
ENDUE ASHES  
I PRAM OUT  
JEST VESTRY  
OCTAVE OPAL  
BEAKER FORE  
STREX RATED

## Strange tales from a bottle

By MARTIN THORNHILL

INVISIBLE ink! The mere sight of the words recalls memories of thrillers, detectives, spies. It is queer stuff. The paper holding it appears as clear as if it had never been touched. And there's not just one kind of secret writing fluid, but several.

Each requires a special method to make it visible—the application of heat, or treatment with a selected reagent, which set up chemical changes that alter the colour of the fluid.

Something of this strange fugitivity in inks is present in the familiar "blue-black" fluid. Actually this is not blue-black at all, but blue ink that turns black when it dries on the paper. It is the best way known of providing a good black ink. You can buy ink that remains blue, but most people, and nearly all business houses, prefer the conventional black effect.

The change from blue to black takes place gradually, and is due to the action of air and light on certain constituents of the fluid.

Action of certain other elements actually provides a natural ink, though the natives where it flourishes know nothing of its uses. They call Africa the Dark Continent. Through its dense, black jungles flow rivers black as ink.

This is no mere descriptive phrase, for there is in Central Africa at least one river which, literally, consists of ink. Flowing here over tannin-laden soil, through country abounding in iron salts, the infected waters combine to produce a river rich in Nature's ink.

You might think that the uses of ink began and ended with—just letter-writing. Not a bit of it. The fluid has a variety of less familiar functions—Indian and Chinese inks for drawings, plans, and illuminated addresses; endorsing inks for rubber stamps and legal documents; indelible inks that retrieve shirts from the laundry.

## THE DIVER WRITES.

Even deep-sea divers are specially catered for in the matter of writing. A diver must make rapid notes of his more important discoveries on the spot. He cannot use ink in the usual sense, so with him goes a modern derivative of it—a special type of pencil in an indiarubber case. The "paper" he uses is a sheet of celluloid.

Doctor Henry Stephens began making ink as we know it, about 100 years ago. His invention was hailed as a new world wonder. Then an ink-stand was unearthed at Herculanum.

Eight years ago Phoenician scripts were found, which had been written on pieces of pottery with a reed pen 600 years B.C. This ink proved to be of the same composition as that used in the ancient "Codex Sinaiticus."

Roman Emperors wrote with ink, and they liked it in snappy colours—red, purple, blue, gold, silver. So people woke up to the fact that, after all, ink was one of those commodities that men had known about for thousands of years.

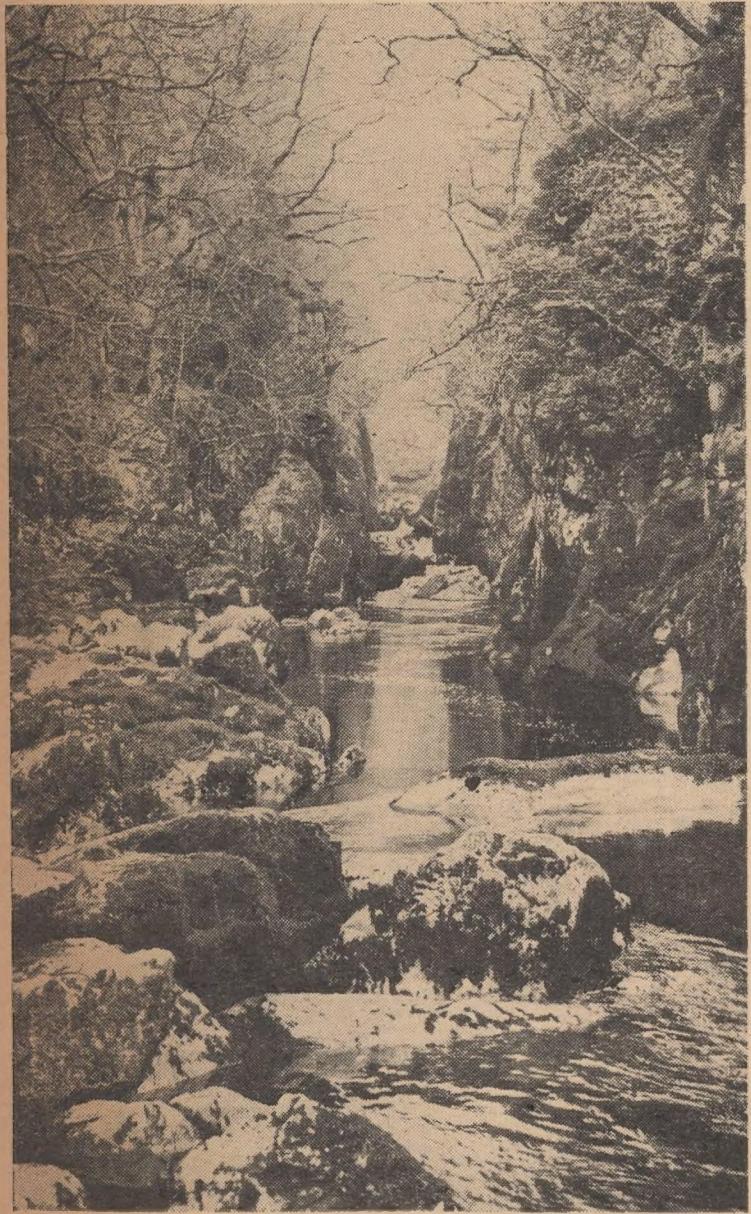
Early Victorian maidens dusted their love-letters with sand, so blotting-paper, you would think, developed out of that. But blotting-paper of sorts was probably made soon after paper itself came to Europe from China. And that takes you back some 1,000 years.

There is no record of the first blotting-paper, but there is evidence that the subjects of Henry VIII used it 400 years ago.

# Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning," C/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

## This Wales



The Fairy Glen near Bettws-y-Coed, North Wales, heart of the Snowdon country. A cool retreat after the arduous task of scaling any of the many peaks in this fascinating district.



Brenda Marshall, star of Warner Bros. and Vitaphone Pictures, seems to be taking an unusual view of things; but, as far as we are concerned, whatever her "attitude" towards life, she's still terribly easy on the eye, and almost makes us wonder whether WE are standing on our heads, or not.

### WHATEVER CAN IT BE?

Now what IS he so amused about? Some funny little crab, trying to make its way towards cover; or is it the completion of a lovely sand-castle being made by Mummy? So many things seem strange to the youngster at the seaside...like a fairy story unfolding itself.



### LOUNGE LIZARDS!

Lummy! We can't blame her. Pretty tiring job, going round an art gallery, and who can deny the power of auto-suggestion? What would YOU do if you found yourself alongside a piece of homework marked, "The Sleeping Girl"? Don't tell us—we'd rather guess.



### SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"They're all wrong—it's ME the nipper's looking so pleased about."

